The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887. NUMBER 52.

TOLL'VER'S NELL.

She's a little mite o' creetur,
  Har'ly knee high ter a duck,
But ter sight a cuter, sweeter
  Face has never been my luck,
Ha'r a middlin' sorrel color,
Eyes that make the sky look duller;
That's her style and suits me well
Es the rest o' Toll'ver's Nell.

Laws! she wouldn' reach my shoulder,
  Boosted up on tippy-toes!
Yet I feel er right smart bolder
  W'en she ain't so ve'y close.
Cur'us thet a gel sh'u' daze me,
W'en no man er beast kin faze me!
'Peers like its a kind o' spell
No one hes 'cep' Toll'ver's Nell.

I am not much use' ter talkin'
  Any word off any man;
But I set plumb scart an' shakin'
  W'en she 'casion'ly sez: "Dan!
How long 'fore ye'll 'low it's true
Thet I hev no use for you?"
She's a master hand to tell
Cuttin' things, is Toll'ver's Nell.

Thar be men 'ud git erfended
  By sech plain-out talk, ye say?
Well, it 'pears ez ef I'm lended
  Stren'th ter stan' it this-a-way;
Fer I'm boun' ter stick till she
Takes me ter git shet o' me;
Ye kin wear out any gel,
Tho she's sot as Toll'ver's Nell!

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Tid-Bits.*

MR. CLOVER'S GIFT.

The Thanksgiving It Made in the Deacon's House.

Two smiling middle-aged faces looked at one another across the library table. Mr. Clover was recounting to his wife the prospects of success that had opened in his business this fall. "Yes, my dear," he said, "we must do something unusual by way of a Thanksgiving offering this year. What shall it be?"

"How much shall it be? first," said Mrs. Clover.

"Well, say a thousand; we can spare it as well as not."

"I know what I'd like to do—have the church re-frescoed and some new carpets put in. That stained ceiling and that worn path up the center aisle do distress me."

Every thing in Mrs. Clover's house was fresh and shining. Her eyes were spoiled at home for shabby things abroad.

"Well, I'd like to beautify the church," said Mr. Clover. I'll speak to some of the committee after prayer-meeting and tell them what we propose."

"Will they let us?"

"Let us? Well, I guess so."

"And let us have some choice about colors and carpets, I hope?"

"Oh, you'll see; you'll have it all your own way."

Mrs. Clover looked beaming. In fact, two very happy people went to prayer-meeting that night.

"Nice folks," said Ebenezer Grist, the sexton, as he saw them pass up the aisle; "but *sometimes* there's a leetle of the 'strut and crow' about 'em, too!"

Indeed, good Mr. Clover was that minute meditating a little Thanksgiving speech in the meeting, which perhaps might have had the echo of the "crow" only too audible in it for captious ears.

But the speech never was made; for he had not been five minutes in meeting before there came some words out of the New Testament which seemed to pull his heart right down from its place of jubilation and stick it full of thorns. A shadow fell over his ruddy face, and his wife, who did not in the least understand it, immediately reflected it in her own.

The words which had this unhappy effect were these:

"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

And there sat, across the aisle, nearer the door, but still within reach of every uneasy side glance, a brother who had something against Mr. Clover. It was only poor old Deacon Simon. His face was thin and severe; his hands shook; his hair was white; his clothes were shabby. He had been made deacon because of his burning zeal; but the severity of his spirit had not made him popular in the church. He was often at odds with his brethren. He scented heresy in every breeze. He mourned over a church whose members sometimes allowed dancing and card-playing in their homes, and even took drives on the Sabbath. Poor Deacon Simon, who often stood alone testifying for old ways of righteousness, and whose sensitive spirit was so rasped by the indifference with which his testimony was received!

Only last month he had objected to a children's October Sunday where there should be autumn leaves and kindred frivolities brought into church. Then Brother Clover, who looked so good-natured, but had a choleric temper of his own upon occasions, had fired up and spoken hasty words to the good deacon, words as rude as a blow. They had been received in silence; they had never been apologized for; there had been little intercourse between the two men since.

"I won't apologize," said Mr. Clover now to himself. "I told him the truth, and nothing else would have stopped his talk, and served our turn."

"If thy brother hath aught against thee"— hummed the unwelcome words in his mind.

"He was going to spoil a good thing. We couldn't stir hand or foot in this church if somebody didn't put down his domineering spirit. I'm glad I did it."

"If thy brother hath aught against thee"— repeated the echo.

"He'd no business to lay it up against me! He ought to thank me for telling him the downright truth."

"Leave there thy gift before the altar"—repeated memory again.

"Stop a good thing because I don't please an old curmudgeon like that!"

"First be reconciled with thy brother"— sang the inexorable verse.

"There's no such thing! Might as well try to be reconciled with an old bear. There's no use wasting words with him."

"Then—then come and offer thy gift."

"Pshaw!—pshaw!—What a fool I am! I haven't heard a word Dr. Parsons has been saying. Now who's going to offer prayer? Dear!—if it isn't Simon!"

There were few of the customary greetings between the Clovers and their neighbors when the meeting was over. Without waiting to see any member of the business committee, Mr. Clover hurried headlong out of the church. His wife lost no time in asking for an explanation.

"Oh, I'm all upset; I'm such a fool!"

"What is it?"

He knew he would have to tell her in the end, and beside it was really a relief to him to do so. She asked some close questions. "Tell me just what you said," she demanded.

"Well, he said we were just teaching the children to make play out of worship. That made me mad, and says I: 'Deacon Simon, if you'd been there when they brought the children for Christ to bless you'd have been one to rebuke them as sure as fate.' That's just your spirit right through!"

"What did he say?"

"Not a word; though he kinder flushed up. Guess he was mad. You see, I was. The way I spoke was as bad as the words."

"You've got to ask his pardon."

"Yes," groaned her husband.

"You might as well do it now. I'll go the rest of the way alone; you go right back and find him."

"It won't be a might of use, Ellen. The minute he hears of the church being redecorated, he'll be mad again. He can't abide any thing new."

"But you'll have done your duty. I'd go right off."

Mr. Clover turned, slowly but obediently. There was nothing of the "strut" or "crow" in his manner now. He looked quite cowed and humbled.

Deacon Simon lived quite out on the edge of the town. There he had inherited a farm and homestead. He had toiled hard over his stony acres, and they had yielded him but a scanty living, yet he was deeply attached to the old place, as everybody knew.

Mr. Clover was surprised as he entered the old-fashioned hall to find the carpet taken up, and only a big packing box ready to be nailed up standing there in place of furniture. The parlor, too, was bare, except for some chairs piled up, two-and-two, as if for removal. One of these was given him, and he was asked to wait for a few moments. Presently, he heard the deacon's well-known voice at evening devotions in the next room. And these were the words that trembling old voice was speaking: "O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast blessed to us the shelter of this home so long. Now, go with us, as we go from hence. Thy will be done. O, Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all—in all"— and here there was a break, and, in the silence, the sound of a woman sobbing was audible.

A new idea broke upon Mr. Clover's mind and greatly agitated him. "Can it be that Martin has foreclosed that mortgage?" he thought. "Yes, it must be; I heard the deacon was hard pressed to raise his interest. Nothing else would have moved him out of his old place. I declare it's too bad! It's awful!"

His errand was forgotten; he was in a fever of desire to do something helpful. When Deacon Simon came in, he went toward him with extended hand and such earnest sympathy in his face as no troubled heart could have refused. "Brother Simon," he said, "I hadn't heard when I came, but it's just come to me that you're going to give up your home."

"Yes; I'm obliged to. It's the Lord's will."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Clover; "I can't believe it yet. Wait—wait; I want to talk to you."

Deacon Simon drew another chair from the corner, and seated himself.

"I came," said his visitor, "to ask your forgiveness for the rude way I spoke at the meeting last month. I'm ashamed that I spoke so; ashamed that I showed such a temper. Do forgive me!"

The deacon looked bewildered for a moment, then he seemed to recollect. "Oh, that," he said; "I didn't lay it up against you. I might, perhaps, if I hadn't had so much trouble since; but other things put it out of my mind. I haven't any thing against you, brother; I'm used to finding the church folks differ from me."

He looked so meek, worn and patient—the old man who had been sometimes stern and severe—that Mr. Clover's heart was broken.

"The Lord forgive me!" he said.

"And me, too," said old Simon. "I know I've been too dogmatical with my judgments, and tried the brethren. I can see it all, now I'm going to leave."

"To leave! You don't mean you're going to leave the church?"

"Why, yes; we're going up country to my wife's folks, for awhile, at least. We've lost our home here, you know, and I don't see just how to begin again, yet. I'm an old man to begin again."

"But we can't spare! We can't spare you out of the church. We can't spare you out of the prayer-meeting."

Deacon Simon looked searchingly at Mr. Clover's honest, earnest face, and presently tears dimmed his eyes.

"You really mean it; you're saying it in earnest!" he said. "Well, thank the Lord! Seems to me now I can go in peace. I made sure everybody would be glad, and it hurt me most of all just now. I—I *have* loved the church. Nobody prayed deeper out of his heart for it than I."

"No; and I tell you we can't spare such praying; we won't, either, if I can help it. Come, I want to talk this all over. I've got some money to invest. This is the very place I've been looking for to put it in; near to the town; rising in the value every day. Martin's going to put it in the market; I'll buy it from him, if you'll stay here and keep it for me."

The deacon could not keep the light from rising in his face, but he said steadily: "The farm won't bring you the interest of your money. I've done my best on it and I know."

"Never mind, it'll be trebled in value in ten years for building lots, and besides wouldn't it pay if there was some capital put in, you know—fertilizers, and new machines? Wouldn't I like to try the experiment! But I couldn't do it alone. Won't you stay and help me out in it?"

Deacon Simon had been a proud man. He had never asked sympathy or help in his life. To have them poured upon him unasked in this hour of his desolation was very sweet to him; sweeter than he had words to express. His heart clung to the old place. He could not refuse the friendly offer thus made to him.

"What a Thanksgiving this will be for us!" he said, as he bade his visitor good night.

"You won't mind, Ellen," said Mr. Clover to his wife that night, "if the church is not re-decorated this year, will you?"

"No," she replied—"it can spare the paint better than it can Deacon Simon's prayers."

"You don't think I've fetched the gift off the altar changing my plan with it?"

"No;" and presently she repeated: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*M. E. Bennett.*

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

A Story That Double Discounts Rider Haggard's Productions.

The great demand at present for improbable stories leads to the belief that the following yarn will be very popular:

It was night.

A horseman slowly wound his way at a mad gallop up the hill road which led to Cookport.

A ride of three or four miles brings him to his destination in two minutes and a half.

He stops before a humble vine-clad cottage, the palatial marble residence of Miss Agatha Hungerford Snipps.

Agatha is the only daughter of her parents, who manage to live sumptuously in hard-working retirement on an income of fifty dollars per year.

Mr. and Mrs. Snipps are both dead.

Although Agatha is an orphan, she has been reared to know no want. Her education was a finished one—finished this very year, in fact; and, incredible as it may seem, she not only knew as much when she left college as when she entered it, but she had actually learned something.

She had learned that it is not proper to ask for a second plate of soup unless she is very, very hungry.

"Agatha," said Mrs. Snipps, "who is that woman alighting at the gate?"

"That woman," observed Mr. Snipps, without giving Agatha time to reply, "is Mr. Montgomery Digby Jones, and he has come to see our Agatha. He loves her, but he does not like to propose, knowing she is the heiress of all these vast estates. He hesitates to incumber himself with so much property, as well as with a wife. But Agatha," turning to the girl, "treat him well. He will make a good son-in-law."

"The old folks withdrew as Mr. Jones rang the bell. He was soon ushered into the parlor where sat the blooming Agatha, a tall, willowy girl of four feet high and weighing two hundred and seventy-two pounds ten ounces.

Agatha and Digby were engaged, although the girl's parent's knew it not.

They had been betrothed for two days.

"Evenin'," said Digby, as he stepped within the doorway.

"Howdy," replied Agatha.

She kept her seat by the window while Digby seated himself across the room by the door.

After some desultory conversation Digby remarked:

"Agatha, I hear that they have some excellent ice cream at Brown's confectionery. Let us go and get some."

"No," replied Agatha, "I never eat ice cream."—*Tid-Bits.*

—There are few more disagreeable people in this world than the people who are always doing wrong and then telling you how bad they feel about it. They ought either to do right or else get a tougher conscience.

CALIFORNIA MONKS.

The Foundation, Progress and Decay of Santa Barbara Mission.

It makes little difference how one enters the Santa Barbara valley, for the mission which overlooks it is the first object that attracts attention. It occupies an elevated site at the head of the valley, and is clearly outlined against a background of hills. The church was begun in 1786, and finished in 1822. In 1812, and again in 1814, it was nearly destroyed by earthquakes. It was intended by Father Junipero Serrano to build the Santa Barbara Mission long before it was really begun, but he died before doing more than select its location and consecrate the ground. From 1822 until 1833, when the act of secularization was passed, the building was the center of great wealth and power. The fathers were temporal as well as spiritual rulers of the land, and their church was the best and largest in California. The walls were of stone, six feet thick, and plastered with adobe; the roof was covered with bright red tiles, and in the towers was hung a trio of Spanish bells. In the rear of the mission the fathers had their garden—a shrub-grown half-acre, completely isolated from the outside world. From the west tower a long L extended at right angles to the body of the church, and facing this was an open corridor. The Indian converts lived in huts, and the fathers raised large quantities of grapes and olives. When war was made upon the Franciscans, the Santa Barbara brothers were the only ones who dared remain at their posts. That they did so is due the excellent preservation of the old building. Time has changed it somewhat, to be sure, but has mellowed and softened rather than destroyed. The stone steps leading to the facade are cracked and moss-grown; only one of the original six fountains is left; the Indian cabins have disappeared. A few Franciscans, shaven, and dressed in long, coarse robes belted at the waists, still inhabit the bare narrow cells, and loiter about the corridors and garden, and regular service continues to be held.

There was a decidedly musty smell to the church, and both the visitors spoke in whispers. Edith's guide showed her all the paintings, and gave the history of each—who this was done by and when, how it came to Santa Barbara, and other facts of interest. Just beyond the choir were two small chapels, each with its altar pictures and ornaments, and a few steps from that on the right of the nave the father stopped before a high double doorway, and began unlocking the heavy door. When he had thrown them open he crossed himself, and leading the way, asked Edith to follow. Doing so, she found herself in a walled inclosure overgrown with rank grasses and rose-bushes. Above the doorway Edith saw three whitened skulls set in the wall, while under the eaves of the church, which projected upon thick buttresses, the swallows were flitting back and forth from their nests of sun-baked mud.

"This is our cemetery, senorita," said the father, at last.

"Are the skulls real, father?" asked Edith.

"Yes, child."

"And are many people buried here?"

"Oh, yes, very many. We do not use it now. There is not room, to tell the truth. You need not dig deep to find skulls and bones in here."

It was not a pleasant thought to Edith to feel that she was walking over the resting-place of she knew not how many pious fathers and Indians. It was very quiet. A high wall completely hid the road to Mission Canyon, and on the west was the church, above which rose the towers. There were several vaults, and each had its wooden cross and vines. Doves were cooing on the eaves, and the swallows chatted incessantly.

On leaving the cemetery the father and Edith returned to the church, and passed up the long nave to the altar, which was covered with a snowy cloth, and decorated with tall candlesticks and other ornaments. Behind it, filling the end of the room, was a wooden reredos, elaborately carved, and having fine life-sized colored statues before each panel. On either side of the altar, set on white pillars, were two other statues, and between them was a large cross, with the Christ upon it. To the right Edith noticed a curiously-shaped hat hanging upon the wall, which was covered with dust.

"It belonged to Garcia San Diego, the first Bishop of California," said the father, when he saw Edith looking at it. "His body is entombed here, as the tablet says. He was a patient worker and a godly man. Would I could be buried here, in the very walls of the church I serve!"—*Edwards Roberts, in Harper's Magazine.*

A FAMOUS EXPLORER.

The Career, Achievements and Death of Vitus Behring.

It is now just twenty years since our Government bought of Russia all her possessions on this continent. Since that purchase Alaska has been made familiar to us in the reports of officials, of scientific explorers, of traders and of tourists. The earlier history of the Territory is full of interest, for it is marked by undertakings of the most intrepid daring and of heroic adventure. That was a bold plan that directed from St. Petersburg an expedition across the north of Asia, the building of vessels on the Eastern coast, and the discovery of a separate continent on the opposite side of the Pacific. That plan was formed in the mind of Peter the Great, and it was carried into execution by Behring, whose name has since been connected with the sea and the strait which lie between the continents.

Vitus Behring (Bering) was a Dane. He was born at the village of Horsen, Jutland, in 1680. As a young man, he sailed in Danish vessels to the East and West Indies. In 1706 he entered the service of Peter the Great, and was assigned to the navy which had just been built at Cronstadt. The appointment of Behring to the command of a scientific expedition in the Sea of Kamschatka was made January 29, 1725. On the 5th of February Behring started from St. Petersburg, and three days later his imperial master died. So difficult was the journey overland that it was not until the summer of the following year that Behring, with the advance detachment, reached the Sea of Ochotsk. Behring then built a boat to carry the party over the sea. He had brought men from Russia for this purpose. The craft was christened the Fortune. The last of June, 1727, it carried over to Kamchatka the shipbuilders who were to build the vessel intended for the great voyage.

Their ship-yard was established at the mouth of the Kamschatka river. The next winter was spent in preparing timbers for the vessel, and on the 20th of July, 1728, it was ready for the voyage. Three years and a half had gone by since Behring and his party had set out from St. Petersburg. The Gabriel—for that was the name of the ship—sailed northeast along the coast of Asia. On the 10th of August the Island of St. Lawrence was discovered. Five days later they rounded a cape in latitude 67 deg. 18 min. north. Here the coast line turned suddenly to the west. Behring had proved that the continents were separate. The party returned to the ship-yard and wintered there. On the 5th of June, 1729, they left again on a voyage of exploration, but were unsuccessful, and Behring returned overland to St. Petersburg.

It was not until 1732 that proposals were made for another expedition. Anna was now Empress, and she was ambitious to extend the boundaries of Russia. She directed that special attention be given to the possibilities of a northeast passage along the American coast. Behring's plan was to push across to the coast of America, and trace it northward to the strait he had discovered. The plan gave Behring her possessions in America. The party left St. Petersburg early in 1733. They built two vessels on the Sea of Ochotsk. Seven years had been spent when, in the St. Peter and the St. Paul, they sailed over to Kamschatka and wintered there. On the 4th of June, 1741, Behring started on his last voyage. He was in command of the St. Peter. July 18 the American coast was sighted in latitude 58 deg., 28 min. north. They followed the dangerous coast to the west, meeting head-winds all the time. Scurvy broke out, and Behring was confined to his cabin. A council was held, and it was resolved to return to Kamschatka. The St. Paul was lost. On the 4th of November an island was sighted—the last discovery Behring was to make. It was named for him. Here they landed for winter quarters. The commander was carried on shore November 9, and he died December 19. The survivors of that winter built a boat from the wreck of the St. Peter, and they reached Kamschatka on the 27th of August, 1742.—*Youth's Companion.*

Living Mastodons.

D. H. Summers, of Denver, Col., who has spent some time in Alaska, says that the existence of living mastodons is not the fabrication of Northern furriers, but the Stick Indians told him positively that they had seen such animals. One Indian related that he had been attracted by a huge track and followed it up until he came to the animal which made it. He described the beast as being larger than a house, with shining yellow tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow him at one gulp. Many similar stories are current among the natives. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The first young girl to be cremated in America was nine-year-old Alida Weissleder, the daughter of the superintendent of the Brush Electric Light Company in Cincinnati. Her body was burned in the crematory in that city. The corpse, wrapped in white alum linen, with white and yellow roses on the breast, was slid in the retort by two attendants, who at once retired, and in the stillness that followed the mourners could hear the puff and sizzle of the gases of the body as the heat devoured it. After an hour the blue flames stopped circling about the body and a long white streak was seen where it had been. These ashes when gathered up weighed less than a pound. They were returned to the parents and will be preserved in an urn. It was the ninth incineration at the crematory.

—The Commissioner of Patents in a preliminary report to the Secretary of the Interior, shows that the number of applications for patents of all kinds for the fiscal year 1886 and 1887 was 38,408 against 40,678 for the previous year. Number of applications for patents, 35,434; for designs, 797; reissue, 150; registration of trade marks, 1,270; of labels, 757; caveats, 2,616. Total, 40,024. Number of patents granted, including number reissues and designs, 21,732; trade marks registered, 1,101; labels registered, 384. Total, 23,217.—*Public Opinion.*

GAMES OF ANIMALS.

How the Lower Orders of Creation Display Their Love of Sport.

That insects have their games and sports I am convinced. This first occurred to me while in the Adironacks some years ago. I was some distance in the wilderness, and having found a small clearing, was resting from my climb, when suddenly the sun, that had been obscured, sent a band of light through an opening in the trees and at once transformed the spot into a veritable fairyland. From all about innumerable forms of insect life seemed to spring into the gladsome light, and soon the great sunbeam was the scene of such revelry as is only imagined by tellers of fairy stories. A band of gnats, or insects resembling them, seemed to be performing some mystic dance. They floated on the beams of light; rising and falling in undulating lines, forming and reforming, now disappearing, as if at some preconcerted signal, only to appear again in some new shape. So regular and exact were these movements that I was impressed that they had some meaning. In and about this band of players various other forms were darting. Such games of tag! such aerial leaps, dives and plunges! all showing that this sunbath was being enjoyed to the utmost extent.

Once, when lying on the rocks that face the ocean, not far from Nahant, I was attracted by a curious clicking sound, first on one side, then on the other; as if a system of signalling was going on. Recognizing the note of one of the locust tribe, I carefully turned and saw half a dozen large, rusty-brown fellows, commonly known as grasshoppers, which so exactly imitated the rocks in color that it was with the greatest difficulty I distinguished them when not in motion. It was apparent that they were engaged in some curious performance, as they were marching about in the most erratic manner, dodging and hiding behind pieces of stone, and exhibiting remarkable acuteness in avoiding each other. All the little irregularities of the rocks were carefully taken advantage of, and their motions in creeping upon one another reminded me of those of a cat, so stealthy and sly were they. This game of hide-and-seek was occasionally varied by a leaping performance. Two locusts would gravely face each other, and then as if at a given signal they would jump into the air, one passing over the other in the flight, alighting and assuming the same positions, only reversed. I watched their maneuvers for some time, and listened to the curious clicking that accompanied them; but finally an incautious movement broke up the games, and the players flew away, seemingly uttering vigorous protests.

The love of sport is not confined to these lowly creatures. I doubt that an animal can be found which does not in some way or at some time show a desire for what we term "amusement." Among the land animals, or rather the land and water animals, the otters are especially noticeable from the fact that some of their games are exactly like those of human device. It was Audubon who first chronicled their actions, he having watched them from a secluded spot, and since then their games have been enjoyed by many observers. The otters (lutra canadensis) are perhaps the originators of the games of sliding down hill and tobogganing.

Otters are always found about streams; building their tunnel-nests in the banks, having as a rule, one entrance into the water, and another on shore. During the winter a bank is selected having a good incline and leading into the water, or sometimes out upon the ice. The snow is then carefully patted down and rendered as smooth as possible, and finally becomes a glare of ice. This accomplished, the otters start at the top of the hill, and turning upon their backs give themselves a push with their hind feet, and away go the living sleds, dashing down the incline, turning at the bottom and with a splash entering the cold water, or darting away on the smooth ice. So fond are the animals of this sport that they keep it up for a long time, and hunters watch the slides, knowing that here they have the best chance of finding the otters.

The sea-otters are just as playful. They are found lying on the great kelp-beds off shore, and have been seen tossing their young into the air, riding on the breakers upon their backs, and going through a number of motions of an extremely interesting nature. That these occurrences are truly games, one needs but to watch the domestic cat and her kittens; and young lions, tigers and all the cat tribe have similar dispositions, while if we turn to the monkey its entire existence is seen to be a continuous game, or an endless series of practical jokes perpetrated upon its fellows. —*Wide Awake.*

—Little Georgie used to say his evening prayer while sitting in his mother's lap. One night he hopped down, and dropping on his knees, raised his hands in a very devotional attitude, and repeated: "Now I lay me down to sleep." Charmed at the manifestation of reverence, his father asked: "Georgie, do you suppose God likes to have you say your prayers this way better than the way you used to?" "O, I don't suppose God cares anything about it," the child replied. "I was thinking of the kangaroo." He had been to the menagerie and seen the animal sitting on its haunches with its fore feet placed together somewhat as he placed his hands in saying his prayers.—*Boston Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Probably, of all sensational developments, boils are the worst.

—When supply and demand cease to play, values completely disappear.

—The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.—*Balthaser Gracian.*

—When you put your fingers into somebody else's pie you must expect to get tart rejoinders.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gratefully. He may work as a man or as a machine.—*Henry Giles.*

—Most of the people who are willing to tell how to become rich are finally buried at the expense of the county.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—Some o' de tenderest words is spoken by de ugliest men. De sweetest hick'ry nuts grows on de roughest trees.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—What some people call their sensitiveness is merely a disinclination to be treated as they would treat others under the same circumstances.

—A great many good men have missed the top of the ladder by attempting too many rounds at the first jump.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—A Chance for Some Inventor—

Of late they have chimneys invented
Which all of their own smoke consume;
Now a music-consuming piano
Is needed to help out the boom.

—*Tid-Bits.*

—Omaha Dame — "My daughter, your husband is a villain." Bride of a Month—"Wha—." "He's married before, and for all we know has a wife living yet." "Horrors! How do you know?" "I asked him to step into the store and match these zephyrs for you, and he wouldn't do it." — *Omaha World.*

—An Irishman, who was a witness in a recent case at the Tombs, gave a lawyer who was cross-examining him so much trouble by his witty evasions that the counsel at last said to him: "See here, my man, if the devil could have his choice between you and me, which of us do you think he would take first?" "Which of us would the devil take first?" said the witness. "Why, me, of course, because he knows that he could have you at any time."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WHITTIER'S YOUTH.

His First Published Poem and the Friend It Brought Him.

Whittier began to rhyme very early and kept his gift a secret from all except his oldest sister, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, would think he was wasting time. He wrote under the fence, in the attic, in the barn—wherever he could escape observation; and as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal. Great was the surprise of the family when some of his verses were unearthed, literally unearthed, from under a heap of rubbish in a garret; but his father frowned upon these evidences of the bent of his mind, not out of kindness, but because he doubted the sufficiency of the boy's education for a literary life, and did not wish to inspire him with hopes which might never be fulfilled.

His sister had faith in him, nevertheless, and, without his knowledge, she sent one of his poems to the editor of the *Free Press*, a newspaper published in Newburyport. Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside, when the carrier flung a copy of the paper to him, and, unconscious that any thing of his was in it, he opened it and glanced up and down the columns. His eyes fell on some verses called "The Exile's Departure:"

Fond scenes which delighted my youthful ex istence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—
A lasting adieu: for now, dim in the distance
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-washed strand.

His eyes swam; it was his own poem, the first he ever had in print.

"What is the matter with thee?" his father demanded, seeing how dazed he was; but, though he resumed his work on the wall, he could not speak, and he had to steal a glance at the paper again before he could convince himself that he was not dreaming. Sure enough, the poem was there with his initial at the foot of it—"W., Haverhill, June 1, 1826," and, better still, this editorial notice: "If 'W.,' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favor."

The editor thought so much of "The Exile's Departure," and some other verses which followed it from the same hand, that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor, and he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a boy of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, clad only in shirt, trousers and straw hat, and having slipped in at the back door so that he might put his shoes and coat on, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The editor was a young man himself, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and the friendship that began with this visit lasted until death ended it. How strong and how close it was, and how it was made to serve the cause of freedom may be learned in the life of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, which was the editor's name.—*St. Nicholas.*